EDITORIAL

with Frances Niblock

Rest in Peace

"My friends, love is better than anger. Hope is better than fear. Optimism is better than despair. So let us be loving, hopeful and optimistic. And we'll change the world."

With those words, Jack Layton said good bye to Canadians in a letter released after his death on Monday – a death that surprised and saddened many.

The outpouring of public grief is evident at Toronto's City Hall, where mourners have left thousands of heartfelt messages, many written in chalk, offering support to his family. In Ottawa, thousands passed by his flag-draped coffin as it lied in state before being returned to Toronto for his funeral on Saturday.

His legacy is in making the NDP the Official Opposition – what a cruel twist of fate that he could not be here to see how the party will deal with its newfound power. Even those who don't share his politics, ideals and pragmatism mourn what might have been.

He left his Party orphaned – he left his family bereft – including his wife, MP Olivia Chow, who several years ago he said was "fundamental to my life. She is woven into every minute, every second of my existence."

Rest in Peace.

Looking Back



Ten Years Ago

- Semi-retired Milton physician Dr. Len Landry is seeing patients of the late Dr. Moore at the Acton Medical Centre until a permanent replacement can be found.
- After a dozen years of only minimal cost-of-living increases, Halton Hills Council gave itself a 46.3 per cent wage hike, pegging the salary for part-time local councillors at \$18,200, up by \$5,767.
- Unseasonably hot weather prompted Halton to up its voluntary water use restrictions to mandatory to ensure there's enough water in the reservoirs for firefighting and essential household needs.

Five Years Ago

- McKenzie-Smith Bennett School students and staff face new principal – Sharon French – and a new vice-principal – Paul VanderHelm – when they return to class in September.
- Beginning budget talks, Town staff put forward a spending plan that would translate into a 6.4 per cent tax hike approximately \$36 more for each \$100,000 of assessed property value.
- Acton's 97-year-old Phyllis Arnott in the news when her daughter and granddaughter were charged after leaving the elderly woman in a sweltering car as they shopped, is recovering at her Peel Street residence.



HOOP FUN

Along with burgers and hotdogs, there were lots of kid's games to play at the Community Dinner at St. Alban's Anglican Church on Friday. Tristan Kang (left) and Seth McRae checked out the hula-hoops.

- Ted Tyler photo

Protecting memories

Every year in the middle of August, just after a sweltering summer hot weather blast the Canadian National Exhibition (or CNE) begins its three-week run. Another thing that happened as soon as it opened...the days wouldn't be as warm and the nights started to get a tad chilly.

The CNE began in 1879, and has run every year since with the exception of two during World War II when the Department of National Defence took over the land for training. Would you believe the CNE grounds cover almost 200 acres? It was post-war when the CNE became the CNE I knew.

The CNE for me started when I was almost one-year old. My mother still gets a big thrill telling people how I would not stay in my stroller and "had to walk the entire CNE and she wasn't even one." Walking the CNE continued for about another 30 years.

My CNE started with a family trip to Toronto where my dad would park on the same street every year. We would hop the TTC into the grounds, and my dad would do his street car driver impression yelling out the stops with an accent sounding like he came from New Jersey. His favourite was announcing the Spadina Street



By Angela Tyler

stop. It made me laugh too.

Our day was not about the midway. Some families spent the day with their kids just going on the rides. For us, it was about all of the CNE. We would explore all the buildings on the grounds. We'd look at all the horses and agriculture in the Coliseum and always stop to proudly look at our Miss Acton to see how she faired with the other Fall Fair Queens.

The Better Living Building housed all the new stuff for your home. We would look at the new model appliances. On more than one occasion, I remember my dad and grampa going back there on the last day because that is when you got the deals on the appliances because the businesses didn't want to bring them back to the store or so they told us. I think back in post-war times, it was "something" if you got new appliances at the Better Living Building. Although I was always dragged out by the time we got to that building, it was always a welcome place because it seemed to have the most air conditioning and

the cool fountains in front of it.

Lunch time brought us to the food building where we could choose from hundreds of things, and of course, have desert of Tiny Tim donuts. After lunch we would go to the Queen Elizabeth Building so we could get a handful of lavender from the ladies with the lavender carts. They would scoop a generous handful into your CNE grime covered hands and somehow smelling it made you not feel as grimy as you were. Next door was the Horticulture Building where we continued with our gardening lesson from my dad.

As we wound back to the TTC stop we would stop to watch some of the rides, and of course the age and weight guessing booths. The mid-way was loud, sometimes scary and yet the best way to end the day with it's crazy lights, people and atmosphere. The problem was, not only was the day ending, so was the summer.

I went online a couple times looking at what the CNE is now. The good thing is our troop is still too young for the CNE., but part of me wants Little J and Junior A to have memories of the CNE like I do, but the other part of me is afraid that seeing the CNE of today will taint my memories of yesterday.



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